

The object we ourselves covet may indeed be desirable and harmless, so far as we are concerned but the providing us with it may, perhaps, be a very prejudicial occupation to some one else. And then it becomes instantly a moral question whether we are to indulge ourselves or not. Whatever we wish to buy, we ought first to consider not only if the things be fit for us, but if the manufacture of it be a wholesome and a happy one, and, if, on the whole, the sum we are going to spend will do as much good spent in that way as it would if spent in any other way. It may be said that we have not time to consider all this before we make a purchase. But no time could be spent in a more important duty, and God never imposes a duty without giving the time to do it.—*Ruskin.*

#### HOME SWEET HOME.

A great singer had just finished singing "Home, Sweet Home," and many of the audience were in tears.

"It is a beautiful song," said a girl to an older woman, who sat next to her.

"Yes," was the reply, "and the sentiment to which it moves all these people is beautiful. How much happier the world would be if everyone had as much principle as sentiment on the subject, and followed out a plain, everyday rule of making home sweet."

The girl turned thoughtfully away. She hardly heard the next song. She was acknowledging to herself that, in spite of her love for her home, she made it unhappy every day of her life by her wilfulness and quick temper. How many of us really do our best to make home happy?—*Unidentified.*

A nation's stability depends upon its virtue. The wrecks and ruins along the pathway of history are silent members of this truth. It is not otherwise with individuals. Religion is an indispensable element in the formation of character. High intellectuality and low morality may exist in the same individual. The robe of refinement may hide the moral deformities of the enlightened, but before heaven's sight they are just as hideous as the revolting transgressions of the illiterate. Mental training may fit us for the pursuits of the world, but we all have a goal to reach beyond the skies. Secular instruction may make us useful citizens of our country, but we all cherish the hope of becoming intellectual giants, and moral pygmies are dangerous to society.—*Rev. J. J. Lawler, Episcopalian, St. Paul, Minn.*

A man is known by the company he declines to keep.

## The Christian Life.

### HELP FROM ON HIGH.

"My help cometh from the Lord." Ps. 121: 2.

Oh for the light which cometh from above;  
Oh for the zeal which springeth out of love;  
Oh for the faith which teacheth how to live;  
Oh for the peace which Christ alone can give.

Oh for the lips to sing the Savior's praise;  
Oh for the feet to walk in Wisdom's ways;  
Oh for the eyes to see where Jesus trod;  
Oh for the hands to work the work of God.

Oh for the trust which sweetens every care;  
Oh for the joy which brightens everywhere;  
Oh for the life which lives in Christ alone;  
Oh for the death made stingless by his own.

Father bestow these blessings of thy grace  
For his dear sake, who suffered in our place;  
Ruined by sin, before his cross we fall,  
Nothing ourselves, and Jesus all in all!

—*The Christian.*

### THE ICY END.

In the Winter of 1873 a man attempted to cross the frozen surface of the Merri-mac. When about ten feet from the shore he broke through. A workman in a saw-mill near by seized a plank and thrust it out to the drowning man.

Unfortunately, one end of the plank was covered with ice, and that end the workman, in his excitement, extended to the struggling man. He caught hold of it several times, and tried to pull himself up on the solid ice. But at each attempt his hand slipped and he fell back into the water. At last he cried out, in agony of terror:

"For mercy's sake, don't reach me the icy end of the plank!"

A perplexed student once went to a college professor for help in a certain study.

"I am willing to help you," the professor said, with chilling courtesy, "but, of course, you know my time is fully occupied, and that I can't give special attention to every student. What is your difficulty?"

The student stated what had perplexed him.

"Oh, that's nothing," answered the professor. "You don't need my help to get you out of that difficulty. Still, when you really need assistance, I will cheerfully give it to you. But you won't forget that my time is valuable."

The student bowed his thanks and departed without receiving the help he really needed. The icy end of the plank was held out to him. From that day he bitterly, though unjustly, classed all the professors together as cold and unsympathetic. He carried his prejudice through his college course, because he had been denied a little timely sympathy.

A few years ago a young minister and his wife began their work in a growing Western town. Their people were attentive and courteous, the salary was ample, and a new church edifice was erected. But in less than a year the minister and his wife sought a smaller church and a lower salary.

A friend, surprised at the change, asked:

"What was the matter. Didn't the climate suit?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, wasn't your church perfectly united or harmonious?"

"Yes."

"You had a fair salary?"

"Yes, more than I get now."

"Why did you leave, then?"

"Because my wife and I were tired of living in a moral refrigerator. Every one was kind, but it was a kindness wrapped up in ice, as if they were afraid it would spoil. We had help enough, but no real sympathy."—*The Golden Rule.*

### THE FEET OF CHRIST.

Some years ago, in my morning walks, I often passed a window in which was a painting of "The Feet of Christ." It was only the feet. But it was the feet of the blessed Master; the feet that walked for us in weariness on the highways of Judea; the feet that Mary anointed with the costly ointment and wiped with her flowing hair; the feet that the woman who was a sinner reverently kissed and did wipe them with the hair of her head; the feet that bore him into synagogue and into temple that he might speak those words of life that the weary and heavy-laden needed and that are saving words to us; that entered the Pretorium under cruel condemnation and climbed the burning path of Golgotha and were pierced by the nails that held them to the cross. They were the wounded feet, feet of him who was wounded for our transgressions. The blood drops were in the picture!

All day long, after I had seen them, I walked in sight of those feet of Christ. I could not forget the meaning of them. The artist had wrought with deeper passion than he knew. And I thought of those who are our brethren who have sought and have walked, though in hard endurance, yet in blessed fellowship, in the footsteps of the Master. In trial, in constancy also, wayworn and weary at times, their feet have pressed the path on which he has gone before them. Their devotion and fidelity we cannot forget. These go with us as we go to our tasks and they become a continual inspiration in our lives. We recall the great work by which they secured benediction for their